

THE EXAMINER.

"PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOLUME II.

THE EXAMINER;
Published Weekly, on Jefferson St., next door but one
to the Post Office.
TERMS.
TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.
PAUL SEYMOUR,
PUBLISHER.

We publish to-day the address of George W. Johnson, Esq., to the citizens of Scott County, on the subject of Emancipation. Mr. Johnson is one of our most distinguished lawyers, and is also an extensive cotton planter in Arkansas. If our memory is correct, he was nominated for Lieutenant Governor by the Democratic Convention which met at Frankfort last March, but declined the honor. Although an anti-Emancipation document, we conceive that the cause of Emancipation will not be much retarded by its extensive circulation.

Perfect freedom of discussion is our motto, and we trust at all times, an opportunity may offer, to give the strongest arguments of our opinions, couched in the strongest forms of expression they may select, provided the language is not personally offensive. We have neither time nor inclination for an extended reply at the moment, but will take an early opportunity for so doing.

In the meantime, we cannot refrain from calling attention to a very striking original discourse by Mr. J. Lowitt:—"That negro slaves have been abolished in any country except by the sword for the benefit of wealth." The legitimate inference from which we take to be that it is the interest of the working-men and mechanics of our State, to take sides for the perpetuation of negro slavery. We shall have something to say on this hereafter.

We assume the frankness, earnestness and candor manifested by Mr. Johnson, but upon a careful review of his article we think he will agree with us that TANTRUM is not confined entirely to the opponents of slavery.

For the Herald.

To the Citizens of Scott County.

Fellow Citizens.—In performance of a promise sometime since given, to present you some suggestions in relation to reforms of our constitution, in which we are all and each of us deeply interested, I desire now to discuss a subject which stirs the heart of every Kentuckian; a question with which strangers have nothing to do; but which we ourselves will decide, according to the dictates of an enlightened Philanthropy, Reason and Religion. I mean the question of the gradual Emancipation of Slaves in Kentucky. In every position in which that question can be presented, I am its uncompromising opponent. A calm contemplation of that subject will demonstrate the propriety of that opposition, and vindicate the character of Southern institutions, from the slanders of Northern fanatics, the political and religious crusaders of modern times.

At the advent of Christ, in the reign of Augustus Caesar, the Roman Empire had spread its arms over the greater part of Europe, of Western Asia and Northern Africa. A military republic had sprung into existence on the shores of the Mediterranean; had subdued a world, and had just before the period in question, been converted into an Empire. The genius, eloquence, and fortune of Julius Caesar, had prepared a throne for Augustus, upon which he firmly seated himself, called around him steel-clad legions, and swayed his regal sceptre for forty years, over that Ancient Republic. During this very period appeared the great moral Law-giver of the world. He saw every part of the Roman Empire filled with Slavery—Slavery was the White race to his fellow-men. Nor was such slavery at all under the protection of the public law, but every master held the power of LIFE and DEATH over his slave.

Let it also be remembered that it was the white man, with all his superior capacities and intelligence, who was held in this domestic slavery, unmitigated by anything in the laws of the Empire, or the Republic of Rome. Saw from the charities of the heart, which Deity implants in the human mind for the protection of dependents, the Roman slave had no hope. The law extended not its shield over him, but in LIFE and LIMB, he and his children were the property of his Master. Nay, to scourge, bind, imprison, torture, and kill, were powers given by the laws of this Empire, in which this Great Being appeared. Millions of such slaves existed around him, and yet he who thought and spoke as never man spoke, whose mind was filled by those great doctrines of charity, mercy and benevolence, which have diffused the light of civilisation over the human race, admonished them to be obedient; he saw domestic slavery in its worst form, and he gave it his sanction, because he saw in it the plan of divine intelligence, for the slow but certain improvement of the other system.

It is desirable, Gentleman, that the idea which seems to be spreading through society, that the African is the intellectual equal of the white man, should be torn up by the roots. Yet it is the fertile source of the religious and fanatic Abolitionism which broods over America like a cloud, black and terrible, filled with the tempest and tornado.

We have seen that Africa has nothing to offer to entitle her to a comparison with ancient Greece and Rome. The very idea of contrasting her with modern Europe is ridiculous and absurd. The very Ostium which flies over her plains, the Camel which traverses her deserts, and the Lions which infest her forests, might better challenge comparison with the miserable, naked and brutal negro, than he with the intellectual, improved and civilised white man. Three thousand years have elapsed, and they have done nothing, absolutely nothing, in their native land, they are transplanted from the Tropics, that the seeds of virtue, industry, energy and improvement may be gathered in a temperate climate. The race of improvement once BEGUN, NEVER ENDS. Such is the wise provision of Deity for the good of man. He who asserts that this system is not better for the African than his condition in his native land, must assert their deadly enemy: that learning is worse than ignorance; that idleness is preferable to industry; that virtue is worse than vice, and that the Christian religion is worse than the degraded and polluted form of African superstition. For while America is blessed with one, Africa is cursed with the other system.

The miserable pretenders to historical knowledge, who now infest the earth, striving to convulse it by their sophisms, assert that he who boldly lied upon the cross, or the hills of Jerusalem, rather than declare the great truths of his mission, was afraid of man. And had he spoken his mind would have been an Abolitionist. He did speak his mind, Dr. Wayland. He was no hypocrite, Mr. Giddings! He dealt plainly with Publicans and Pharisees, Abolitionists! We have every reason to believe that we would have thought George Washington of Virginia, quite as good a man as Hale of New Hampshire.

You will pardon me, Gentlemen, for what may seem a religious discussion, for which, unhappily, I am not fitted. The truth of history, and the great cause of Humanity, require that the religious cant, of these vandals of books, these congressional Pharisees, and Negro Dealers, should be exposed. The fact that the great author of the Christian religion lived thirty-three years and died in the midst of the worst form of Slavery, which the world has ever seen, and was content to admonish Master and Slave of their respective duties, will satisfy the rational mind, intent upon the good of his fellow-men, in spite of the ravings of ignorance and fanaticism.

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Not so, could it be with the negro! An object of interest and compassion, but still by nature the inferior of the white man, but associated with him by divine wisdom, for mutual service and improvement. There will be no market open for the sale of them. The doors of Slave States, will, in the South, will, in self defence, be closed upon us. The abolitionists have barred us from the Territories. They are seeking to concentrate the Slaves, and to circumscribe their limits, regardless of circumstances, and a portentous future. Our citizens would therefore be forced to emigrate, or to leave their property rather than lose it.

An immense emigration of useful and worthy citizens would therefore be the first effect of this wise measure, with an ultimate loss to the State, of the full value of two thirds of the negro population of Kentucky. This loss would be about thirteen millions of dollars.

The second effect of this generous and noble scheme, would be that about two thirds of the slaves, who are now happily located in Kentucky, would be carried into Southern States for the cultivation of Cotton, Sugar and Rice. Acquainted to the pursuits and genial climate of our State, it would perhaps be a fair estimate to suppose that every eighth or tenth man, woman and child, would fall a victim to the prevailing epidemics and diseases of warmer latitudes. 20,000 people would thus die miserably for this great and christian scheme of Emancipation. More blood than watered the plains and mountains of Mexico, in a just war; and for which these same conscientious citizens, howled out their anathemas against the Government of their own country.

The third effect would be this. There would remain in Kentucky about one third of the slaves, whose descendants, would be free. What would you do with these 70,000 black paupers? Would you permit them to roam like vagabonds, thieves and robbers, over the land? A negro never works till compelled. Would you allow them to vote? If not, where is your boasted consistency? If you do, what a beautiful spectacle will be exhibited at the polls! Your colored brethren are the enlightened citizens of a Republic! There is none but the Anglo Saxon family of the white race who know how to appreciate and maintain their right and freedom, whilst they organise government, for preserving social order. The fiery and chivalric Frenchman, the proud Spaniard, the Italian of Roman ancestry, the Greek, of Marathon and Thermopylae, the nonchalance and untiring German, the Dane and Russian, are all unequal to the great problem in the science of government. But your negro, your woolly headed and spiny footed negro will do. He can cut this Gordian knot. He is intellectually fitted for this great task. Such degradation of the elective franchise of a citizen of America is disgusting and sickening. A free negro is fit to give but one vote, for the miserable renegade and traitor, Martin Van Buren.

I feel that I am consuming the time of rational men, unnecessarily, by further discussion of this question. Philosophers and statesmen who have seen the cities, towns, and mansions of the white man, covering Europe and emerging from the forests of America; who have seen their names floating in every sea; who have explored the vast collections of books in Christendom; who have seen the planets measured and the earth girded by the genius and energy of man; who have seen all the paths and highways of science, filled with thronging multitudes of intellectual devotees, and who then contrast these brilliant triumphs of mind with the grovelling sensuality and barbarism of the miserable hordes of Africa, (a race equally old,) can doubt the vast superiority of the mental organization of the white man over these black savages. You had better compare the long eared mule with the bloodied and fiery steed; or the domestic Goose with the glorious spirit and daring of the Eagle.

It is seriously proposed to turn loose this inferior race from the rational restraints, which have made them what they are, an industrious and happy people; restraints which have redeemed them from barbarism, idleness, and worse than savage ignorance; restraints which are beginning to elevate, to enlighten and improve them. A horde of semi-civilized savages to be turned loose upon society by philanthropists!—savages that bear upon their bodies the mark of eternal enmity to the white man!—savages drunk with unexpected freedom, to lay waste and pillage the works of civilised man!!! Were this done, their extermination would be certain and swift. In self defence, we would be forced to sweep them from the land. Instead of the white man shielding and protecting them in the enjoyment of every rational pleasure, he would necessarily become their deadly enemy: the designs of that benevolent being who watches over all, would be thwarted; love would no longer arise from the discharge of the reciprocal duties of protection and obedience, to hallow the relations of master and slave; but a conflict of interest would burst forth, as short, bloody, and fatal as when the lion seizes his prey and rends it in pieces. Is this your scheme of benevolence and charity? Wretched and misguided enthusiasts! you are kindling your torches in magazines, whose explosion would shake the earth, and destroy the objects of your compassion. Such is the fatal scheme of the abolitionists—beginning in robbing of the masters, and ending in the extermination of the slave.

We will now turn our attention to the gradual emancipation. The very idea of contrasting her with modern Europe is ridiculous and absurd. The very Ostium which flies over her plains, the Camel which traverses her deserts, and the Lions which infest her forests, might better challenge comparison with the miserable, naked and brutal negro, than he with the intellectual, improved and civilised white man.

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This plan would be equally practical now, and would make our tender charities equally economical and prudential, if it were not for one startling and terrific fact. *There will be no market open for the sale of them.* The doors of Slave States, will, in the South, will, in self defence, be closed upon us. The abolitionists have barred us from the Territories. They are seeking to concentrate the Slaves, and to circumscribe their limits, regardless of circumstances, and a portentous future. Our citizens would therefore be forced to emigrate, or to leave their property rather than lose it.

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F. CORY, JOHN H. HENWOOD, NOBLE BUTLER, EDITORS.

LOUISVILLE: OCT. 28, 1848

NOT We send, occasionally, a number of the EXAMINER to persons who are not subscribers, in the hope, that by a perusal of it, they may be induced to subscribe.

To Subscribers.

Many of our subscribers have failed to send us their first year's subscription. We earnestly request those in arrears for the first and second year, to forward the amount due to us, without further delay.

Courtesy.

We sent a copy of our prospectus to the writer of the following note, his name having been given by some one who wished us to send him a paper. We do not publish the writer's name, nor his place of residence, as we are confident that he will, one day or other, be sorry that he wrote in such a spirit. If we succeed in our efforts, he will probably see the glorious change which is to take place in the condition of our beloved State, and will be grateful to us for what we have done to produce this change. If the efforts of Emancipationists are unsuccessful, he will live to curse the day when he opposed their plans.

To the Editor of the Examiner:

Sir: You have sent a copy, and your prospectus to the wrong man; I am not an Abolitionist, nor a friend to any of your Emancipation projects.

I am in hopes that your paper, with its few advocates, may sink down to the lowest vortex of perdition.

Progress of the Spirit of Emancipation.

Alien to the Pro-Slavery Men.

As a general rule the advocates of slavery oppose the discussion of the subject. They affirm that religion, reason, and common sense all concur in sanctioning African slavery, and that its foundations are firm and steadfast as a rock.

Now, if they believe as they assert they do, that the system of slavery has the sanction of both Divine and human wisdom, do they not act very strangely in resisting all investigations calculated to exhibit the merits of the subject? Men, very generally, are fond of proselytizing others to their belief, and avail themselves of every suitable opportunity to impress their views, religious, political, social, philosophical, and scientific subjects on those who entertain what they consider erroneous opinions. If the pro-slavery men truly think that the system they wish to uphold is worthy of universal acceptance, it is extremely selfish in them to seek to conceal a knowledge of the blessings it confers, from other persons. Philanthropy should induce them to feel solicitous to extend the benefits which they themselves enjoy far and wide. They ought to exert themselves to extend the conviction that African slavery is a most benign institution which blesses both master and slave. And as its extension depends on the acquiescence that men have with its advantages, and as thorough and constant discussion is indispensable to a general appreciation of the merits of the subject, the benevolent slaveholder should, in a spirit of gratitude and humanity, be deeply anxious to promote discussion to the end that sceptics, scoffers, and deniers, may be brought to a full knowledge of what religion, reason, and common sense alike agree in recommending to the human family. It cannot be denied that slavery is losing ground in the world—that the number of those who advocate it is rapidly diminishing—that the ranks of those who are hostile to it are every day receiving accessions—in fine, that the spirit of the age and the mind of the civilized world, are earnestly arrayed against the benevolent system of African slavery as it exists among us. To arrest the progress of this great heresy—to turn back this mighty tide of public opinion—to extinguish the baleful fires which wrong-headedness and fanaticism have kindled, it is clearly necessary that the advocates of slavery should take the field, shake everything like dustiness from their limbs, and devote themselves to the great work of extirpating the pernicious, deadly, and wide-spread everywhere existing in relation to slavery. Armed with the Bible and all the weapons of reason and logic, every pro-slavery advocate ought to go forth in battle array against the forces of fanaticism before the world is thoroughly demented, and men everywhere groan in hopeless darkness and error. Of all persons the pro-slavery man should be most anxious to discuss slavery; for the system itself is now measured with destruction. If they believe the system defensible, let them rally to its defense. It encloses everywhere assume that their indisposition to discussion arises from a conviction of the utter indefensibility of the institution. And, in truth, there is much plausibility in this assumption, seeing that slaveholders are after all mere men, and being subject to human frailties and propensities may be mistaken in their views, and may even be induced by selfishness to claim for the system they cling to a good deal more of merit than they feel themselves able to show.

taking of the necessity of taking steps to throw off what they call the burden of slavery. In Missouri, the discussion has been commenced and it is believed that the friends of emancipation are sufficiently numerous there to move effectively against the system. In old Kentucky too, our own Commonwealth, honored abroad and beloved at home, there seems to be no reason to doubt that a large proportion of the people have resolved on the gradual extirpation of what the eloquent Tom Marshall years ago denounced as a "withering cancer" and a "mountain curse."

Now, in view of such alarming facts, will the pro-slavery men longer persist in maintaining a stubborn and sullen silence in relation to the system which they believe to be surrounded with manifold blessings to all concerned in its existence? If they have good and sufficient reasons why the sentence of the civilized world against slavery shall not be pronounced, let them speak out ere it is too late. Southern men in view of the storm that is marshalling its forces in opposition to African slavery, have often uttered the cry "the South is in danger!" Now, it is very true that whether the South is in danger or not, the institution of slavery is in danger, and so imminent is the peril, that unless the arguments that are used so effectively against it, are met, are refuted, it will not be many years before the conviction will become almost universal that slavery is a great evil and must be done away with. Let us have all the sanctions of revelation, all the arguments of reason, and all the suggestions of common sense in favor of the institution, advanced and repeated ten thousand times before deplorable fanaticism completes its triumph, and every mind is lost in the labyrinth of error.

The day is gone by when a frown, a threat, or a curse was sufficient to paralyze the human tongue. Men are becoming very much addicted to thinking as they please, and to speaking out plainly what they think, and it will no longer do to discuss the propriety of discussion—When a house is on fire it is quite absurd to stand with hands thrust in one's breeches pockets and inveigh against the destructiveness of flames. Water must be resorted to or peradventure the whole city may be desolated by the spreading of the conflagration. Men are discussing the question of slavery and opposition to such discussions will not avail now. They claim the right to talk freely of whatever deeply affects their families and their State, and are exerting it just as all men were agreed as to the duty and the propriety of discussion. If the defense and justification of slavery are so easy, as is asserted, let it be defended and justified. If it cannot be defended and justified, as a majority of the wisest and best men maintain, it behoves us to make preparations for its extinction. To hug a system and merely to declare it to be a blessing without undertaking to make its advantages apparent when it is tottering to its fall, is a spectacle by no means admirable or gracious. To stay the ravages of a pestilence something besides prohibitory quarantine laws, and sanitary cordons are necessary. The doctors must overturn their saddle-bags and produce all their nostrums, their catharticons, their specifics, and their vegetable pills, and administer them freely to suffering humanity. The spirit of emancipation is ravaging our Commonwealth—it has infected a vast majority of our citizens, and for our pro-slavery doctors to talk of quarantine regulations is to expose to the world that they are not fit to be of service. 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For the Examiner.

The Oracle of the Ocean.
We confess that we are lost in wonder at the immense and varied musical talent that has been so long slumbering in our midst. We had fancied ourselves well versed in the capacity for musical performances existant among us, and we anticipated a good display of it in this wonderful masterpiece, but as the thing progressed, and the powers of the various performers burst upon us, we were bewildered and could not continue to ask ourselves, "where has this great power slept so long?"

"When I was engaged in composing the 'Creation,'" Haydn used to say, "I felt myself so powerfully moved by the music that before I passed out with feelings of relief that before I fell down to write, I earnestly prayed to God that he would enable me to praise him worthily."

"There was the source and hence the power of this wonderful production. The energy of Haydn had all to do with his success in the composition, for the earnest and loving

style after truth of real genius goes never unremained. He wrote not for fame or vulgarity, but the burden of the subject was upon him, and his mere performance gave it vent. Haydn's mad was attuned to the proper chord before he placed his fingers upon the keys. The rugged notes struggled for melody but only half attempting it, the unfinished chords and the stifling of the effort too and a perfect air by the crashing basses, show that the poet and the student of the inner-life, alike with the musician and the artist, have conspired to paint "The Chaos."

The love of God, and the reverence for his power, animated the soul of the writer, and the transmutation of that influx is fixed upon the pages of his artistic and poetic composition. Had this great master not had the soul of the Poet, he had never possessed the power of the musician; it is a task to separate them; they are inseparables, Poetry and Music, and they shall not be rent asunder. The soul of the poet and the genius of the musician exalts. The power of trifles, syncopes, roulades, and arpeggios, and the knowledge of fugues and canons, and all the styles of counterpoint, with the soul of the poet had breathed upon them, such as nothing, but his breath warms them in life, and out of a clause of three letters, at once there is composed a grand epic poem.

Thus Haydn sat in his lone chamber, and the whole work of "The Creation," from the broadening dark and the puny and formless masses of chaos, to the green-clad earth, faced as to purify bosom with shining rivers and silver moon-like brooks, rejoicing in the gladness of creation, or, pensively smiling to the softer light, like a new-made bride; and the music animals, and the birds of beatiful plumage, and the pious and lofty image of God himself, all in perfect and finished harmony and art, passed in review before him, and with the calm composure and the earnest lovingness of true poet, he sat and watched these phases come and fade, and come again, and thus and thus he learned the deep lesson of power, of truth, and of beauty. And he zealously labored to give to his fellow men a faithful transcript of the inspiration which had been given him; and as he wrote, his soul warmed and his spirit leapt in the consciousness of success. As changes or order, storm or gentle softening came, he notes rung out their full but wondrous power, or softened down the heart to put the joy and perfectness, or swelled the roused soul to rapturous sheets of praise to God. It is well known that Haydn's Creation has in it a great deal of imitation, that, indeed, it may be called a work of imitation, and this has been urged as the work. But this is mere hyperbole.

It is very true that direct imitation is a far below the dignity of a work like the present. Imitation of this sort serves but to amuse for a moment. But the imitation here is by no means bad, not at all to be compared with that in the play of "The Frogs."

"Borsukas, losa, losa."

and with the "Piedra di Colonia."

"Talcahuano, talcahuano."

"Talcahuano, talcahuano."

"L'age, l'age, l'age, be."

"L'age, l'age, l'age, be."

"Et cetera, et cetera."

These imitations are too direct and would deprive a subject like the Creation of that awful dignity and power with which it is invested—Haydn's imitation only just "indicate the object," not representing Nature exactly to the life, but showing her "through a veil, darkly."

They are suggestive; they demand us to think; they attract the attention and open the mind to an after thought.

As an example of this, who will not remember the rising of the sun for the first time upon the new-made world. The soft streaming note at the opening, increasing in volume and intensity, as at each measure, a new ray of light is added, ray upon ray, till the full glories of the new-born orb carries the fresh-created world. But we have spoken sufficiently of the piece, let us now turn a full attention now upon the performance.

Beautiful as was this performance at the church, we could not but regret the lack of an orchestra; for the fact is that the work of the poet is done by the orchestra; and the angels are but describing in their glowing and impetuous tones the effects that are produced by the orchestra.

We do not by any means wish to be understood as taking from the organ performances of Tuesday evening; they were as beautiful as the touch of a keenly appreciating artist could make them—we only speak of the beauty of the instrument itself.

The splendid opening Recitative, "In the Beginning," was very effective. The simple chords which accompany this Recitative, promise for the first time some "harmony out of chaos," then follows the dreamy, misty movement that shadows forth the "Spirit of God moving upon the face of the waters." By synecope, a change in the accent of the different parts gives to this an idea of the edging, uneven movement of a misty body, slowly spreading itself over some surface, until a common chord ends the whole movement. Then comes the words, "And God said—let there be light," &c. In these words, up to the last word of the sounding flat, there is a gradual fading of sound from Piano to Fortissimo, till at the word "Light," the key which had all along been C. minor, suddenly flashes forth into the corresponding major, with tremendous emphasis, electrifying the audience with wonderful power. With no orchestra, the voices alone sustain this passage in unison till the last word, voices and instruments all burst into a momentary crash of harmony.

At this word the flashing rays of light diverge in all possible directions and are seen (or rather heard, strolling their way through the straggling dark all through the next solo, "Now vanish."

This was the first chorus of the evening, and we could not but observe the power and effectiveness of the concerted parts; the obscurity of time and the Dynamics being perfect, but as well as in all the other choruses of the evening. The next chorus—"Deepening, curving, rising, &c."—was a fugue, possessing equal perfect difficulty, full of chromatic passing and discords and yet with perfect adherence to the rules of counter-point. The change of style in the last line, simple as it was, told wonderful power upon the audience. This beautiful chorus completed the first day. In the opening Recitative of the second day, we had a fine example of the descriptive power of music, given with good effect by the accomplished professor who sang the words. The ringing storm, the drifted cloud, the rolling thunder, the rain, the hail and snow are all described with great truth. We noted just here a pleasant indication of the attention of the audience, and the programmes rustling in being turned over and at a passage too that added no little to the descriptive effect just then being given of the shower of rain. A simple solo, brilliantly given by a lady of eminent taste and talent, and a chorus of great beauty closed the second day.

The third day opened with the recitation of the gathering together of the waters, and then the splendid aria—"Rolling in foaming billows."

The organ accompaniment here is a constant succession of chromatic runs, until "Mountains and Rocks," when the mingled arpeggios and runs faithfully describe the surge lashing the base of the standing rock.

The vocal part of this aria was also admirably given; and the intonation of the singer was surprisingly correct. We admired the whole accompaniment of this part, but particularly the performer's tasteful use of the Impression in giving the pure mellowness of tone to the purring of the brook. The next solo was that of "With Verdure clad," and was sung with exquisite beauty. Nothing could have added to the excellence of her performance. We are tempted off here, and indeed almost everywhere else, to a desire to give a lengthened description of the poetic effect of these various parts, but the limits prescribed to us will not allow it. We could fill columns with this, and it would be much to our taste, but such an article would be out of place in a newspaper, and we forbear.

The chorus—"Awake the Harp!"—a massive fugue, well executed, completed the third day.

In the opening of the fourth day, we had the Liverpool, on Tuesday last, of Englers, which was to be a grand meeting at a decline of 25 to 30 per hundred on the rates of the 19th of July. Com was also 12, per cent. lower; 35s, being taken for round yellow Jersey. The business done in London on Wednesday and yesterday was not extensive, but holders were unable to obtain the decline established on Monday.

England.

A good deal of rain has fallen in various parts of England and during the winter, but the weather has generally become unfavorable throughout the country. It may be hoped, however, that the harvest is pretty well gathered in, even in remote parts of the country, and that a few days of rainy weather will not interfere with the general return, as far as the grain crop in concern.

The Grand Duchy of Baden has been the scene of fearful disorders. Some German snobs and their English supporters have been engaged in a struggle for the control of the country.

The Prussian Government has issued a decree that the French army must pass the Alps, and that above all the money which was now hid in holes and corners must be found.

The Emperor of Austria has issued a decree that the French must pass the Alps, and that above all the money which was now hid in holes and corners must be found.

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LITERARY EXAMINER.

Something Cheap.

By CHARLES SWAIN.

There's not a cheaper thing on earth,
Nor yet one half so dear;
'Tis worth more than distinguish'd birth,
Or thousand'd gain or wear;
It lends the heart new delight;
The master's formest shield;
And adds more beauty to the night,
Than all the stars may yield.

It maketh poverty content,
To sorrow whispers peace;
It is a gift that's sent
For make to increase;
It meets you with a smile at morn;
It tells you to repose;
A flower for peer and peasant born,
An everlasting rose.

A charm to banish grief away—
To snatch the frown from her;
Turns leaden clouds to make dalliance gay—
Spreads gladness everywhere;
And yet 'tis cheap as summer dew,
That giveth the lily's breast;
A talisman for love, as true
As ever man possess'd.

As shines the rainbow through the cloud,
When threatening storm begins—
A music 'mid the tempest loud,
That stills its sweet way winds—
As springs an arch across the tide,
Where waves conflicting foam,
So comes this serpent to our side,
This angel of the home.

What may this wondrous spirit be,
With power unheard before—
This chariot, this bright divinity?
GOOD TEMPER—nothing more!
Good Temper! 'tis the choicest gift
That woman homeward brings;
And can the poorest peasant lift
To bliss, unknown to kings?

An Editor on a Foreign Railroad.

Mr. G. W. Kendall, of the New Orleans Picayune, recently set out from Paris on a tour to Germany, received on his route a variety of ministerial attentions which seemed to have puzzled his philosophy, and of which he gives the following account:

On going to the ticket office at Cologne, and on being asked which class car I would take, I replied, as any American naturally would, "first class, of course." The price paid for the ticket, although I do not recollect how much it was, did not seem to be high, and as I showed it to one of the conductors, he very politely pointed to and opened a car into which I at once stepped. So far all right, thinks I to myself. The car was very neatly and comfortably furnished—nothing extra about it, however, that I could discover. I could not see that it differed materially, or in fact, that it differed in any way, from those on both sides of it.

Passengers were bustling about in the usual hurry that precedes the departure of a train; and as there appeared to be a crowd of them, it was with no little satisfaction that I saw many of them pass my car and step into those adjoining—it insured me additional elbow room and of course additional comfort. As the time approached for starting, a middle aged gentleman with a very pretty and very neatly dressed young lady on each arm—his daughters very like—came hurriedly along looking for a car. Here was a chance, not only to pick my company, but to be civil, and I accordingly opened the door for the party. One of the young ladies bowed, and at the same time said something in German, thanked me, I suppose, but strange enough, as I thought, they went on to another car. I must admit that I did not like it, yet of course I could say nothing.

By and by the last bell rang, the locomotive commenced puffing, the train whirled along and I was left the sole possessor and only occupant of the car—had it all to myself. This is comfortable, thought I, as I stretched back with plenty of room, and opening all the windows on both sides I was soon busying myself in surveying the country through which we were rapidly passing.

In an hour's time we were at Dusseldorf, and here a half of ten minutes is made. The conductor was again very polite in opening the door for me to step out, and as he did so I noticed that the ordinary crowd of loungers was more dense around my particular car than was the case with any of the others. They stared at me, too, as I descended, and as I thought a little harder than there was any necessity for, but at the same time there was nothing positively rude in their gaze. Additional passengers, on their way to Hanover or Berlin, came flocking to the depot, and now I certainly thought that the car in which I had come would be filled; yet no soul entered it, although I left the door wide open. One look at it seemed to suffice, and every person would pass on to the next. Again the bell rang, again the train started, and again, like Juan Fernandez on his island, I was left alone to myself.

At every station where the train stopped the scene was pretty much the same. The idlers would all take a special look at my humble self, and some of them even descended to touch their caps or hats, and bow. I knew that the Prussians were all very polite, and that the custom of touching the hat was common; but why were they so polite to me in particular? That was the question.—And again, why did they take so much notice of me than of any one in the adjoining cars? This bothered me. At almost every place I got out for a minute or two, and examined my fellow passengers in the neighboring cars, many of which appeared to be crowded full, and among them were many very handsome ladies. I watched the new comers, too, and made all the room for them possible, with the hope that they would enter and keep me company. If the cholera had been in the car they would not have avoided it more studiously.

In this way we went on till past the middle of the afternoon, and until the train reached Minden. Here a stop of nearly an hour is made—here the cars are changed—and here, thinks I to myself, I shall certainly find some one at least to accompany me, but no. The conductor was a new one, and like his predecessor, could not speak a word of English, and when I showed him my ticket he very politely opened the door of the car in which there was not a soul. In doing this he passed two or three cars that were not more than half full, and as I made a demonstration to enter one of them, he met it by a gesture that was as much as to say "that is not your place." I got into the one he pointed out, and the door of which he opened—and again I was the sole possessor of six comfortable seats as ever man could desire.

By this time I not only felt lonesome but nervous. I had been staled at, although not in a rude way it is true, and spite of all my endeavors they would persist in giving me an entire car for myself. There was something pointed in this—it could not be the result of accident—it meant something—and the more I thought of it the more uneasy I grew. I looked at my coat; it was a plain coat, and should not attract attention. So with the rest of my garments. My cap was nothing but a plain, ordinary traveling cap—there was nothing strange

or uncommon about that, I said to myself, as I took it off, turned it round and round in my hand, and thoroughly examined it.

That they all took me for a foreigner I could readily conceive but then I was not the first foreigner that had passed through Prussia, and I knew it could not be the custom to stare at every stranger as though he were a wild beast. At the last station before reaching Hanover I jumped out and rushed into a refreshment house, ostensibly for a glass of beer, but really to examine myself in a looking glass, to see if there was anything wrong. I could discover nothing and went back to my car as much at a loss as ever.

I most certainly should have asked the conductor what it all meant, and if there existed any suspicions about me, but for very good reasons—one of which was that I could not speak a solitary word of his language, and the other that I had a species of sneaking presentiment that I would hear something not very complimentary to the assailant. Some years ago these animals were so numerous, so mischievous, and so destructive to property, especially in pulling off tiles, and in stealing from people in the market and the bazaars, that it was determined to put the depredators in cages, and carry them off to the distant jungles; for the people had a great aversion to kill them. After much trouble many were caught; but they were very refractory, that some of them received a dozen lashes each, and were sent far away. Many of them found their way back again, and now the inhabitants are as much troubled as ever.

Within the last eight or ten months they have played all kinds of pranks in our house; for as we are obliged to allow the doors and windows to be open on account of the heat, they can very easily get into any apartment. I had the mortification to find one day that a young fellow had got hold of my Pilgrim's Progress, and had actually torn down the place where the Pilgrim receives his "parchment roll;" and, as he saw me, he leisurely marched off, seeming to say, as he turned round to look at me, "Have I not done it?" Another rogue had no doubt seen some one use a tooth-brush; and he carried it completely off.—My wafers they are perpetually breaking, and sometimes they have taken away the box. Nay, the steel pens were quite in their way; and one day when I was nearly blinding a servant, it was found that a monkey was the thief. As for tumblers and various earthen vessels, I know not how many they have broken; and loaves of bread, if not watched or locked up, are soon in the hands of these gentles; and when the creatures have gone a short distance, they sit down to look at us, and then begin to eat. I ought to have said before, that they delight in my letters and notes; and, after looking gravely at them for a short time, they tear them to pieces.

Sometimes they get on the bed, and stretch themselves, then roll about in their gambols, and leave a plenty of marks behind. At other times they admire themselves in the looking-glass, and try to touch what they believed to be one of their own kin. Not long ago they broke one of them, and carried off a beautiful silver watch. They were soon on the top of a neighbor's house, and commenced their experiments; the glass was forthwith broken, the seconds' hand, which no doubt astonished them by its movement, was torn off, and the other hands were served in the same way. The "tick-tick" of the watch was the greatest puzzler of all. The servants were after them; but, no, Jacko could run well, and did not wish to part with his prize. A fine loaf of bread, however, was brought and placed at some distance, and pug could not resist that. He left the watch for what to him was much better, and the watch was regained, though sadly injured. This unfortunate transaction, however, had only excited their curiosity; and they one day succeeded in dragging from a table a large old watch belonging to the writer of this paper, and carried it to the top of the house; but they were detected in their villainy, and were frightened away.

"Well, but why not kill them?" say my young friends. I did shoot one, but I shall not soon do it again; he looked so much like a human being; his companions also made such a noise, and hooted me for days after; then the natives were much offended, so that I cannot try that again. Then I offered a large sum to any servant who would catch one; for I determined to make an example of him, and trim him up a little; and crop his ears and tail, so that others might be frightened; but all in vain. We got a large rat-trap, and put some bread on it; he was caught; but he worked hard, and his tapering head assisted him, and after some deep scratches, he escaped, and shortly returned with another to show him the machine. They examined it, and walked away.

The next day we tried again; and they so managed the matter as to carry off the bread. I procured poison, put on bread and butter and preserves. An old fellow seized the prize, chewed a little, then looked at me; put it out of his mouth, shook his head, and bid us good morning. A young fellow came, and he did exactly the same thing.—*Wes. Jnr. Off.*

Noble Mentiments.

This in an agreeable world after all. If we would only bring ourselves to look at the subjects that surround us in their true light, we should see beauty where we behold deformity, and listen to harmony where we hear nothing but discord. To be sure, there is a great deal of vexation to meet; we cannot sail upon a clear coast forever; yet if we preserve a calm eye and steady hand, we can so trim our sail and manage our helm, as to avoid the quicksands and weather the storms that threaten shipwreck. We are members of one great family; we are traveling the same road, and shall arrive at the same goal. We breathe the same air, are subject to the same bounty, and we shall lie down upon the bosom of our common mother. It is not becoming, then, that brother should hate brother; it is not proper that friend should deceive friend; it is not right that neighbor should injure neighbor. We pity that man who can harbor enmity against his fellow; he loses half the enjoyment of life; he embitters his own existence. Let us tear from our eyes the colored medium that invests every object with the green hue of jealousy and suspicion; turn a deaf ear to scandal, and breathe the spirit of charity from our hearts.

A Few Words for Children.

You were made to be kind, generous, and magnanimous. If there is a boy in the school who has a club foot don't let him know that you ever saw it. If there is a boy with ragged clothes don't talk about them when he is in hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a hungry one, give him a part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his mind. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talents than before. If a larger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him, and ask the teacher not to punish him. All school will show by their countenance how much better it is to have a great soul than a great fist.—*Horace Mann.*

The Jews, unchanged, have survived the changes of centuries. A striking instance of the fulfillment of the prophecy, that they shall possess the gate of their enemies, is seen in the present erection of a new synagogue, in Canterbury, England, on the site of the ancient house of the redoubt "Knight-Templars," once the unrelenting foes of the persecuted Israelites, but now themselves swept from the face of the earth.

Every virtue carried to an excess, approaches its kindred vice.—*Burke.*

Monkeys in India.

Strangers are very much surprised to see monkeys romping about on the tops of the houses in Madras, or dashing across the streets; and sailors, on landing, are greatly amused with them, and try to catch them, or hit them with sticks or stones; but all in vain, as they soon jump out of the way, and then show their teeth us if in contempt for we were a wild beast. At the last station before reaching Hanover I jumped out and rushed into a refreshment house, ostensibly for a glass of beer, but really to examine myself in a looking glass, to see if there was anything wrong. I could discover nothing and went back to my car as much at a loss as ever.

I most certainly should have asked the conductor what it all meant, and if there existed any suspicions about me, but for very good reasons—one of which was

An Egyptian Bandy in Ancient Times.

Our young heir is far too deeply steeped in luxury and idleness to venture on the rough chase of the hippopotamus, or of the crocodile. He is too topishly staid to disturb the stern severity of his appearance by that vigorous throw of the barbed spear and the rapid cast of the noosed rope which such chase requires. Why, he would ruffle his garments, discompose his flowing hair, disarrange his flowery garlands, and make himself excessively hot and uncomfortable for no good! No; the gentle sport of angling, the tranquil cast and drag of the net, lazily and sleepily, or at most the stronger exertion of bringing down the water-fowl by means of the slings, stones, and sticks before mentioned, these are the utmost efforts of which his energies admit. And these weary him soon and long. And here he sits, while his slaves row the light boat, or keep her steady against the bank, or moor her to the strong reeds which grow up in a marine forest about him; and lying thus beneath the shadow of the awning, or within the protection of his high gunwale, he watches the stealthy steps of his trained cat and favorite ichneumon as they plunge among the game, or he lazily listens to the cries of the decoy-bird as she calls her wilder kind to come admire her nest of eggs, or come help to feed her brood of young. Perhaps if not over-stupid by luxury, he makes some interval reflection on her treachery, then turns away thinking that all is good, even an ichneumon's craft, and a decoy-bird's falsehood. The sun shines down through the tall reeds and water-plants; his glossy hair runs thick with perfumed oil; his servants bring him fruit in small baskets covered with leaves and flowers to make the purple figs and golden grapes yet more tempting; and some fan away the flies which crowd in myriads from the marsh, or lower the awning chequered with bright colours, which screens away the sun; and he lies in that byblus bark the ideal of Egyptian luxuriance. We will not ask his thoughts as he thus rests, holding the line and rod so carelessly; we will not inquire what fair form his visions take, as he wraps his linen robe decorously graceful about him, and compases himself to sleep with the thick rushes bending over him. Beside some proud Isaac priestess, regal in her birth and glorious in her beauty, or be she some simple country maid, worshipping at the shrine of his refinement, and loving him with that intense unashamed love which only women feel, and which woman of every land and faith and climate do feel, be she louliest dancer or sweetest songstress of the choir whom to love with devotion would be a stain on his gallantry, be she high or low, rich or poor, partizan or plebeian, be we no true man if she did not fill his dreaming thoughts as rests them within his byblus bark on the dancing waters of the blue river! The fish are caught, the birds struck down in sufficient quantities; the sun rides high, and our dandy must away to the gay banquet to which he has invited his guests this noon-day. His boatmen pull the lord of all this wealth back to his own domain: again he traverses his well-kept farm, passing through orchards rich in fruit trees, and through gardens gay with flowers, cooled by water-tanks and fountains all about; and once again he enters that ancient *cottage ornée* of old Egypt, while his car is harnessing to bear him back to the grandeur of the Eternal City of the Gods. Surely we must admire that elegant and graceful chariot.—Where can we find a lighter shape? where a more gorgeous equipment? The large wheels are bound with metal; the sides are painted, gilded, and carved; the beautiful bow-case, richly ornamented, hangs with studied negligence from the rail of the frame; the harness is embossed, painted, and studded, the horses are trapped with magnificent caparisons, gay plumes float over their proudest heads and mingle with their flowing manes; the bronze nails set every where in the harness and the car flash and glitter in the sun; and the whole equipage is one of beauty, elegance, and color, unequalled throughout all Mizraim. The Nubian horses too, large, black, and powerful, might well make the Cushtie dandy proud as they fly with him through the broad ploughed roads, and make the simple peasant compare him to some God on a rain-bow-meteor, passing swiftly through the air. After the bath, after fresh ointments are poured over his supple body and a whole alabaster vase of precious oil is lavished on his delicate tresses, after he is wreathed with young flowers, gay chapterles, garlands, and loose bunches all before him, after he has put on other and more costly garments, and changed the fashion of his jewelry for gems more brilliant even than those he now wears—after, in a word, he has exhausted all that Egyptian gold can buy, and all that Egyptian luxury can command, he repairs to his gorgeous chamber where his expected guests would assemble. The furniture of this room surpasses all that we have yet seen. The linen is the finest which Egyptian looms can produce; the carpets are Lydian; the tables are of expensive foreign woods, or of native, their brightly painted and thickly gilded; the chairs are hung with gold and scarlet and deep blue; their framework is a very study of elegance in design. Some are massive, covered throughout with rich drapery; others are light, with lotus buds and flowers, volutes, scrolls, and ornaments, forming the sides; some have capitals, others birds, gazelles, lions, and gongs, as their supports; all are rich, elegant, and splendid; all suit well with the heavy Egyptian luxury. Each smallest box is a gem for artistic beauty; each vase and cup and basket of gold, or porcelain, or the true and the false muthrine (the last is the production of Theban work-shops) is a thing to be examined for ever; while those of the "pigeon's neck" manufacture, that strange substance of such varied dyes which change in every light till you may not tell what the original hue, are sure to attract crowds of the idly curious to gaze and still gaze on the wonders of light and color.—*Monthly Magazine.*

Summer.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Ye who the lack of gold would plead as lack of power to be another, think not so; but the true aristocracy of the world is not of gold, Fellow with friendly foot; and in the track of life, when ye encounter, 'midst the snow, Bewildered wanderers, turn not proudly back, But lead them gently from their walks of woe. By such kind words as cast a brighter glow Than gold around them. Oh, be sure of this—The same most precious man can give to man Are kind and truthful words; and come amiss Warm sympathizing tears to eyes that can The world bright! The only error is, Neglect to do the little good we can!

An intolerant religion is the religion of a sect, and of a sect in fear.—*Isaac Taylor.*

Let your rule of conduct be frugality, temperance, modesty, and economy.

Let each person confine himself to his particular calling, and its duties, which will insure their being well performed.

How the Yankees make a Living.

A writer in the Boston Recorder, who has lately travelled through Connecticut, thus describes the way in which the people gain a livelihood:

Beginning in the northwestern part of the State—where, by the way, some of nature's true noblemen dwell—we find many furnaces smelting down iron ore of the best quality from their own mines, making each from two to three tons of pig iron per diem, and each consuming at a single blast of eleven months a million bushels of charcoal. There is a shop manufacturing some of the most delicate and best cutlery; and another making huge anchors and chain cables for our navy, from iron wrought at their own puddling furnace.

Fifteen miles eastward lies a village of fifteen hundred people, situated at the outlet of a splendid sheet of water, which, in its descent of one hundred and fifty feet, carries all needful machinery. Here the business is scythe making. Another town is famous for its brass kettles—an article is made nowhere else in the nation, and the trade of making which, it is said, was stolen from England. Hard by are two contiguous towns, made densely populous, and independently rich by the manufacture of brass clocks. These articles, of the ordinary kind, costing from nine shillings to two dollars, are sold over the world at an advance of 500 or 1,000 per cent.

Coming further eastward, into Hartford county, you find a gang of hands digging copper ore from the bowels of mother earth; then you enter a town of a thousand people, supported entirely by making axes. Following the Farmington river, and passing many establishments, you alight at a town of fifteen hundred inhabitants, right in the gorge, where the river, in its dashing freaks, like a lover without eyes, instead of making its way easily and honestly down to New Haven, breaks its way through the Talcott mountain for the purpose of making a union with the Connecticut. These people are Scotchmen, making carpets. But this is only a part of the establishment; the remainder is located ten or fifteen miles northeast, where is found a community of eighteen hundred, from the same county, engaged in like business.

Observe here, in these two towns, are three very old-fashioned Presbyterian churches. Passing by a community of Shakers, who supply the land with garden-seeds and brooms, and Hazard's well-known powder, where the "villainous saltpetre" is made into an abomination to cast missiles at the Mexicans, and also some distilleries, to startle to blot paper with, you enter a growing town where are made paper, cloth, of different kinds, ironware, and card teeth—the last set to order, and in quantities sufficient to straighten all the fibre which ever grew on a sheep's back or a cotton plantation.

Passing through the city of Hartford, which our bird's-eye view seems to make only a mark for trafficking in the workmanship of other and honest hands, you find a town of three thousand inhabitants manufacturing various sorts of brass ware, to mention which kinds would be to write to half a page—how many *chef d'œuvre* in a score have we seen utterly destroyed by the ill-mannered and indecent last? Cuts a ferry, and long before the boat arrives, two thirds of the passengers are crowded at the head of the boat, ready to jump ashore, risking life and limb to save ten seconds of time—a child is knocked overboard—a boy's foot smashed, or a young man in the first bloom crippled for life. What manner?

During the two months that followed this conversation, the young gardener could scarcely think of anything but the wand of a fairy and the place of her abode, to be spoken, or the mortal explained, to start a hundred people in a tremendous hurry to get out, as if their very lives depended on being somewhere else within two minutes and a half. How many fairies—how many *chef d'œuvre* in a score have we seen utterly destroyed by the ill-mannered and indecent last? Cuts a ferry, and long before the boat arrives, two thirds of the passengers are crowded at the head of the boat, ready to jump ashore, risking life and limb to save ten seconds of time—a child is knocked overboard—a boy's foot smashed, or a young man in the first bloom crippled for life. What manner?

He still occupied the place of first botanist at Malmaison when the Empress Josephine died.—*L'Impartial.*

Bonaparte's Love of Church Bells.